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How many nurses are ready to go when the issue is fairly presented we know from the fact that over twelve hundred were in service in the Spanish War. It takes great courage to promise to go at some unknown future date, when one cannot know but what there will then be urgent private reasons why one would feel called upon to remain at home.

I do not maintain that these reasons should keep nurses from enlisting, but I do submit that they are most probably among those which influence their conduct in this matter.

HOW TO LIFT YOUR BUSINESS INTO A PROFESSION *

By MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL
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I AM here to talk with you upon the subject I understand you are chiefly interested in—namely, how to lift your business into a profession. It has already been done to such a degree that you who are organizing do not have pioneer work. The most I know about organizations of nurses I began to learn in 1891, when, being elected to the presidency of the National Council of Women of the United States, and at the same time being in correspondence with Mrs. Ethel Bedford Fenwick, president of the National Association of Nurses of Great Britain, I asked myself, “Why should Great Britain have a National Association of Nurses and the United States of America have none? We have an eighty-million population as against forty-five million or so in Great Britain. We pride ourselves on our poor health to even a greater degree than do the British, our ancestors and cousins. Therefore if they need so many nurses that in order to have them well in hand they must have a national organization, we who have a double, not to say a triple, need must have a national association of nurses.”

I therefore wrote to Mrs. Fenwick—knowing she was in correspondence with American nurses and trying to get nurses all over the world into an international association—and asked her who our prominent nurses were. Whenever people are well they do not know the names of nurses and doctors. We all must hope, I am sure, that the careers of such women as Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton, whose pursuit of their profession is connected with so much that is historic, adventurous, and romantic, will not have to be duplicated under a higher order of civilization. I know you will join me in the hope that some thousands of years

* Address before the convention of the Indiana State Nurses' Association.

from now, when the archives of our present civilization are unfolded before the eyes of people then living, there will be some difficulty in finding out what a nurse's business was, just as there will be great difficulty in finding out, in a really enlightened state of society, why a medical society met in these rooms in the days in which we are living. However, we are living in an age when doctors and nurses are necessary, when we have consumption and dyspepsia and yellow fever, when we have some diseases that creep upon us slowly and insidiously, and others that bear down upon us swiftly and with the ferocity of wild animals. So long as we are victims of these two kinds of diseases there must needs be, in a civilization that cultivates such offences, some ameliorating agencies, and the doctor and the nurse supply the amelioration for these conditions.

I suppose you and I both got our first impressions of a nurse from the same source—at least I have hardly ever encountered anyone whose first knowledge of a nurse, outside of the nursing she may have received in her home from her mother, her mother's maid of all work, or her mother's assistant in bringing up a large family, did not come from what Dickens has told us about Sairy Gamp, a creature who was valueless except as providing a good butt for the clever wit to hurl shafts of ridicule at.

It was in St. Bartholomew's Hospital that, in 1899, I had the pleasure of meeting the officers of the British Association of Nurses with their representatives from their four chief centres—their Irish branch, centred in Dublin; their Scotch branch, centred in Edinburgh; their Welsh branch, centred in I do not know what city in Wales (for the only place in that country I am familiar with is Hawarden, from which came the great Gladstone), and their London branch, of which Miss Stewart was and is the president. I am mentioning these names because I think they will encourage people living in the capital of a Western State of the New World, looking forward to an organization for work along the same lines, holding a convention here in this new, fresh room, the guests of the Marion County Medical Society, composed chiefly of men. The ladies of London, under the leadership of Mrs. Fenwick,—who is a very clever general,—had invited the presidents and secretaries of all the affiliated nursing societies in Great Britain, as well as the local associations that did not as yet belong to their national association, to meet at St. Bartholomew's. They had asked me to address them on the general subject of organization as a means of lifting the business—not too much respected, not too well paid—into a profession that should be both respected and well paid. You see, the subject was practically the same as that I am to speak to you about

to-day, but the conditions are so different that I feel like giving you first a picture of that day's scene. I do this because I think all those who live among the old love the new, and those who live among the new love the old. So you disfranchised citizens of a new State in the Western World, occupying this fresh new room belonging to a medical society, may be interested in hearing of that other association of nurses meeting in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in a room which, dating from 1310, is still called the new wing of the hospital! A new wing of a hospital dating from 1310 reminds us that people were sick and needed care six hundred years ago. When I entered the room I thought, "To what degree are the people who are brought in here to-day from the London streets sick and injured better cared for than the people who were brought in here sick and injured six hundred years ago?" We know who took care of the sick and suffering people who were brought to St. Bartholomew's Hospital six hundred years ago, because they were the only nurses who cared for people in hospitals in those days—the sisters of the Mother Church. I sometimes think that we Protestants—and it is possible that the majority of you who are present are such—do not think with sufficient appreciation and reverence of the women who, from the very beginning of the organization of the Church, sacrificed themselves for others to the degree of living an isolated life, believing that only through the isolated life could they accomplish either a life of holiness for themselves or a life of helpfulness for others. It is the task of the Protestant nurse now to prove that outside of isolation, instead of within it, can come a life as holy in itself and as serviceable to the community as there came out of the consecration and isolation of the Middle Ages. This idea, although somewhat foreign to anything we may have talked about, is perfectly harmonious with whatever is in our minds. From my point of view your profession depends upon these two ideas.

Coming to the question of personal holiness, what does it mean? Fundamentally, not the state of sacrifice which those holy sisters had in mind, and which I wish always to have in mind and wish you to have in mind; but we must go back to the meaning of holiness and spell it as it should always have been spelled, and then we shall find that it means "wholeness." We have not thought that, have we? We have probably thought a person stood a better chance of being holy with a few fractures and impairments in the organization, with a general debility of the constitution, but it is not true. From my point of view an organization is, in one respect, the reverse of a chain. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. An organization is as strong as the strongest personality in it, and it is no stronger. The strongest per-

sonality will strike your keynote. You will not be expected to rise above the keynote; you will not want to, because should you so rise it would be only into discord. Organization means taking individuals, strong, weak, and intermediate, and harmonizing them by adjusting the minds of all of them to a common ideal, and then keying their minds to a common willingness to unite on the same means for the achievement of that ideal.

It seems to me that this is just as applicable to nurses as to any organization I have ever known. I shall speak of my own profession and of yours, because teachers have been longer organized than any other profession. We are still poorly organized, we women teachers of the United States. The women teachers of Germany are much better organized. Indeed, the women teachers of the United States are not organized at all except on the sex line. I do not approve of the organization of women on sex lines, excepting as a temporary means of gaining the social, business, or financial equality of the sexes. Up to this time I believe we need the organization of women as a prelude to the organization of men and women in the same profession without regard to sex.

The women of an organization of this kind should have for their ultimate purpose the obtaining of the same social, financial, and professional recognition given to men. To a very large degree you nurses are not in competition with men, because men seldom enter into the nurse's profession, only, generally speaking, to nurse individual men or certain cases among men. So you have this profession for your own; this field is yours. Often, you know, we say women have not had a chance to do this or that or the other thing; but there are certain fields in which they have had a chance, and yours is one of them. The women of the world have been the nurses of the world, notwithstanding they have not always been professionally educated for it. That part of the race into whose arms the race when born is placed for nurture and care becomes, by the law of nature,—the most fundamental of all laws,—members of the nursing profession. Now, if in that field where we have had no competition, because no one wanted to compete with us in taking care of the crying baby,—no man wishes to take care of a crying baby until it becomes a cooing, good-natured baby,—if in that undivided field we had had the high ideal of health and nothing else, just an ideal of wholeness as the foundation and kernel of holiness, we should have found through all these thousands of years some way of getting self-educated to a degree which would have prevented at least nine-tenths of the diseases of the world.

If I could have my way,—and I suppose all citizens of a republic,

and especially its disfranchised citizens, entertain themselves this way at times,—I should like to have the power of the Czar—no, not the Czar, for at the present moment he does not seem to be very powerful—but if I had the power which Kaiser Wilhelm thinks he ought to have, I should certainly use it to organize a Society of Preventive Nurses. I think every mother ought to recognize herself as a member of an organization, world-spread, committed to preventive nursing. If that idea could take possession of our mothers and our nurses, much might be done.

There is one other point I wish very much to make if I can take the time to do it. In what way is organization going to relate you to the rest of the world? Organization, to my mind, has always a triple purpose. First, it lifts the individual out of her isolation. Whether that be an isolation of egotism, of conceit, or of ignorance, it lifts the individual out of it and brings her into relation with her peers. I think there can be no nobler word applied to any person in the world than “peer.” The House of Peers! What does peer mean? The House of Peers is a place where every man is obliged to recognize every other man as his equal, and therefore to give to him the courtesy he would demand for himself. Every organization lifts its members into a House of Peers, lifts them to an equality with those doing the same work and serving the same purpose. Now, the first step to lift a nurse into the peerage of her profession is to measure one’s self candidly. In isolation you never know what your real qualities are. The man who could lift only a few pounds’ weight, if never tested by the strength of any other man, might imagine himself a Samson. Anyone of us in isolation may get wrong and exaggerated notions of what we are and what we know. Just as soon as you are lifted into this peerage of your own rank, then you have achieved, not only this first object of bringing yourself out of isolation, but have also found yourself a member of a body that has new duties, no longer just the duties you had as an individual. Every organization must consider, not only what it owes to its members, but what it owes to that larger section of humanity which can never be its members.

One of the chief objects of organization is to get professional recognition, to command the respect from the public you think you deserve. As an isolated individual you are unable to do it. You cannot get a scale of wages or salary adjusted, because the people you serve will pay what they think they can, and you will take more or less according to your temperament and your need. However, when you come into your peerage you can establish laws which will govern your wages, and that will put you into a different attitude towards the public, and the public

will pay to each individual the respect it pays to the organization. That is why I said an organization is as strong as its strongest member. The strongest member strikes the keynote and you rise to it.

You also have duties to other organized bodies. It is some twenty years since I have spoken to any organized body of women and left out this final point—the duty to other organized bodies. Think how much you owe, for example, to the women who belong to the generation preceding my own. The women of my own generation have had very little chance to do much for you compared with the great work done for themselves and you by the women of the preceding generation. There is only one way in the world of paying any debt to our ancestors, and that is by paying it to our contemporaries and our successors. Organization is the means of lifting you, as I have indicated and as you feel, or you would not be here.

There is a danger, however, that besets an organization. It not infrequently happens that when the women of a profession have joined with their peers to form an organization to care for that profession, or craft, or cult, they feel they have achieved what they sought. However, they are now become as isolated as a profession as they were before as individuals. Now you are doing just as damaging a thing to society if you isolate yourself as an organization as you are if you isolate yourself as an individual. It is not quite so narrow; the island you will live in is a little larger, but it is an island still. Therefore I have an appeal to make to you, and in doing it I go back to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It was not by accident I introduced *that* in the beginning; I introduced it because I think it ought to be a hitching-post for every organization of nurses that shall be established by any branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. Why? Because there the steps were taken, first, to nationalize what had been localized; second, to internationalize what had been nationalized.

Now, what are we and what is our place in human society? We are born into the family. Any baby isolated at birth ceases to be, so far as this plane of existence is concerned. It is only the baby who finds himself or is speedily found or made a member of an organization, a family, or a foundling hospital that exists, only that baby can live at all. As it grows up the family to which it belongs, or even the foundling hospital where the unhappy little creature may be, is related to other families in the community. I was delighted to hear your president say she feels a different regard for Indianapolis, as the capital city of Indiana, than for your various home cities. I think that is a feeling every citizen of the State should have. Every citizen of Indiana should feel that he is a possessor of the capital. I feel so towards the capital

of the United States. That implies a sense of relationship, and that is what I am pleading for.

You are now a State society. The next step is to affiliate with the national society of nurses of the United States. There are no finer women to be found in any profession than Mrs. Robb, Miss Palmer, Miss Dock, and Miss Nutting. I have the pleasure of personal acquaintance with these women. As soon as you are thoroughly organized affiliate yourself with the national organization: In that organization you will find yourself already affiliated with the national associations of other countries in an international bond. Then you will have achieved, as far as it can be achieved on this plane of life, redemption from isolation. As you are increasing your sense of relationship your consciousness is expanding to meet its requirements, and you are dignifying yourself and your own conception of life. When a woman has got to that point she does not need to worry at all about what degree of respect society is going to give her. Society pays us always the respect we earn. It may not pay it to-day,—and I think it often does not,—but are any of us living for to-day? Certainly a nurse is not. She is always living to remove to-day's condition. If there were not condition to be removed, she would not be living at all as a nurse. So she is always looking forward. That is a good attitude for all of us. But the important thing is getting recognition of any kind—financial, social, or professional.

Key your ideal to the right point. It is this multiplication and extension of relationships which will help you to key your ideal. No nurse could feel that she belonged to a common, vulgar trade—taking care of sick and disgusting and disagreeable people—who had before her mind such a woman as Miss Nutting or Miss Stewart, who is the head of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Now, to have before our minds an ideal implies what? In our age of the world education, scientific education. It is not only your right, it is the duty of the nurse to possess this education. This implies also that a nurse shall also be sweet and gentle and charming. If there is anyone in the world who should be perfectly bewitching, it is a nurse. Life seems bad enough, you know, when one is sick. The invalid needs a charming environment—and the nurse's personality is the chief element in the environment of the patient.

Everything I can do with and for the people I have any influence over to bring them up so you will never have a glimpse of them I shall do; but if I must summon a nurse for some member of my large household, what is the first question I shall ask? I shall say to the doctor, "I want the sweetest, best-tempered, and prettiest woman on your list

who has common-sense." Common-sense we must have; with it give me the qualities named. These are all qualities you think desirable, so you cannot be vexed with me for wanting them. Every one of you would like to be the nurse I have described. There is no profession, it seems to me, that ought to take account of that subtle, indefinable quality which we call charm as the nurse's profession ought. You must take it into account. I don't think you could have a Committee on Charm, but I think each of you should be the chairman of such a committee of one within herself, the quality is so important and so antipodal to Sairy Gamp.

I realize that this talk has been somewhat rambling, but I hope you will feel there have been points in it, that you can keep these points in mind, and that none have pricked you. Finally, I know your final salary is to be paid over a counter where there can be no overcharges and no under-payments. It is to be paid over a counter where counterfeit coins never pass. You may know you will get it in pure gold from the very same mine and the very same mint from which the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved; and you will get only just that amount of it that comes back to you as the reflex of your own expression while you are practising your profession on the earth.

HOLIDAYS IN THE SIERRAS

By JANE ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK

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WE felt that we had done our duty to the full. It had all been a very pleasant duty. First had come the meeting in Portland, Ore., of the National Conference of Charities, by which we were stirred and stimulated. Then we found ourselves in San Francisco at the annual meeting of the California State Nurses' Association. Here we were treated to an experience of Western hospitality that warmed our hearts and kept us hurrying from one cordial hostess to another. The meetings were enthusiastic and inspiring, ending with a banquet as happy in spirit as it was graceful in arrangement. Both of these meetings had filled us with the desire to go home and do better deeds and be better servants of the public. We felt the responsibility of carrying back to the East some of the spirit we had caught in the West—but now we were tired. As we began to contemplate the time-tables of the Southern Pacific and of the Rio Grande Railroad we realized that it meant going East, and at the end of the road lay New York and work. We did not feel